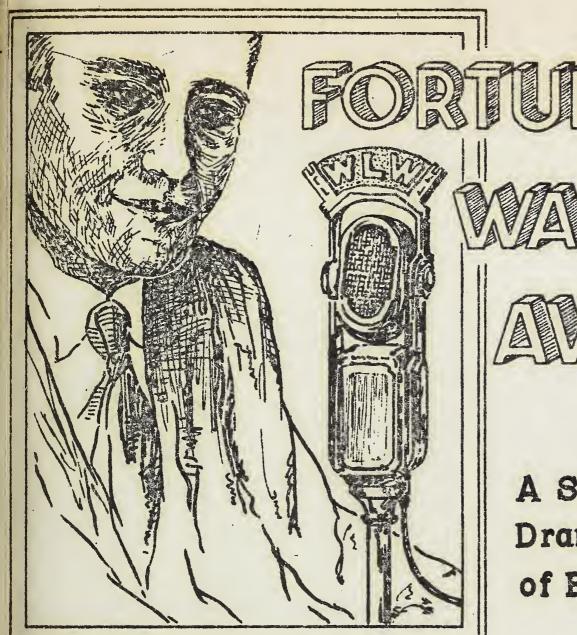
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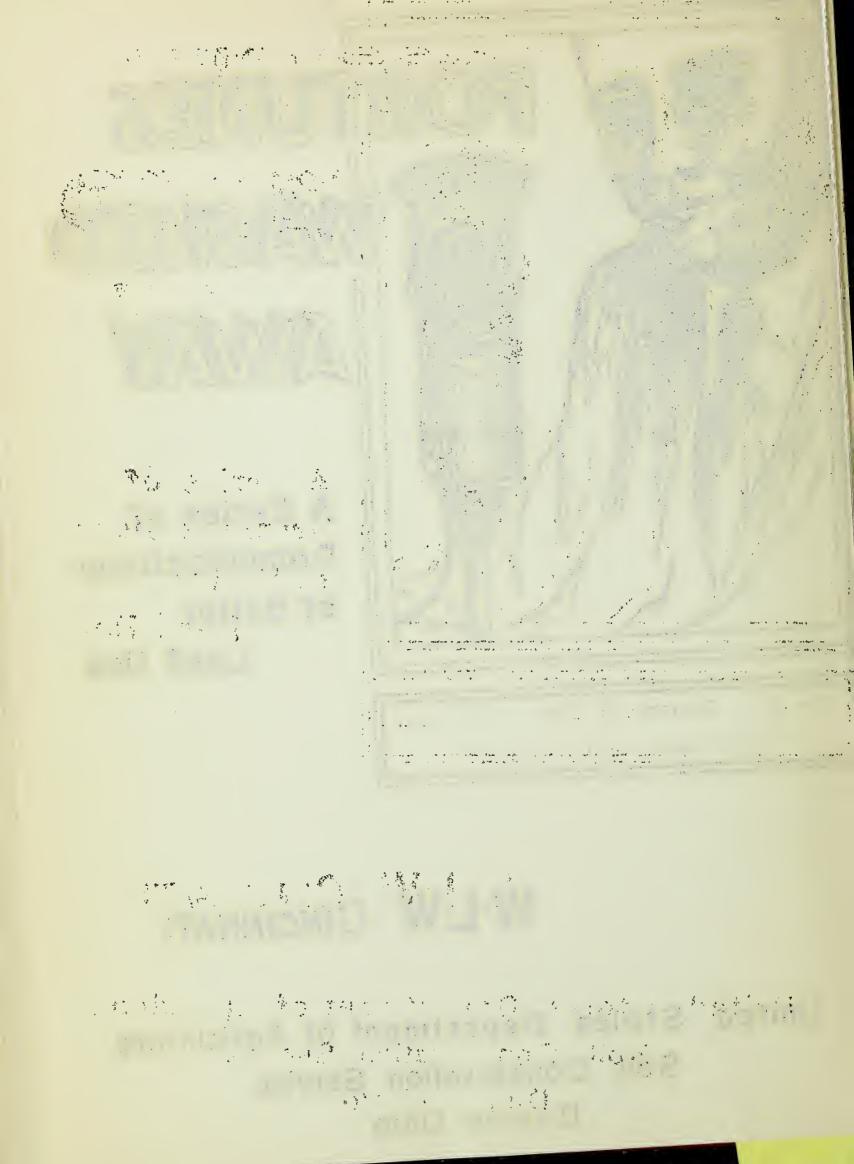
A Series of
Dramatizations
of Better

Land Use

No. 143 January 18, 1941 1:15 p.m.
"ALFRED HALL - SOIL BUILDER"

W.L.W CINCINNATI

United States Department of Agriculture
Soil Conservation Service
Dayton · Ohio



SOUND: Whistling wind...

VOICE

Black blizzards across the plains.

SOUND OFF MIKE: Woman coughing ...

SECOND VOICE

Biting wind!

DEEP VOICE

Choking dust.

SOUND: Up wind, set fire...

VOICE

Havoc...

SECOND VOICE

Destruction ...

DEEP VOICE

Waste...

SOUND: Up wind, kill fire, set flood ...

VOICE

Floods rushing down the great valleys.

VOICES IN UNISON

Floods, drowning, killing, wasting...

SOUND: Up wind...

DEEP VOICE

The wealth of America washing and blowing away -- soil erosion!

SOUND: Clap of thunder...

ANNOUNCER

Alfred Hall - Soil Builder: the 143rd consecutive episode of

Fortunes Washed Away!

ORGAN THEME: DEEP RIVER.

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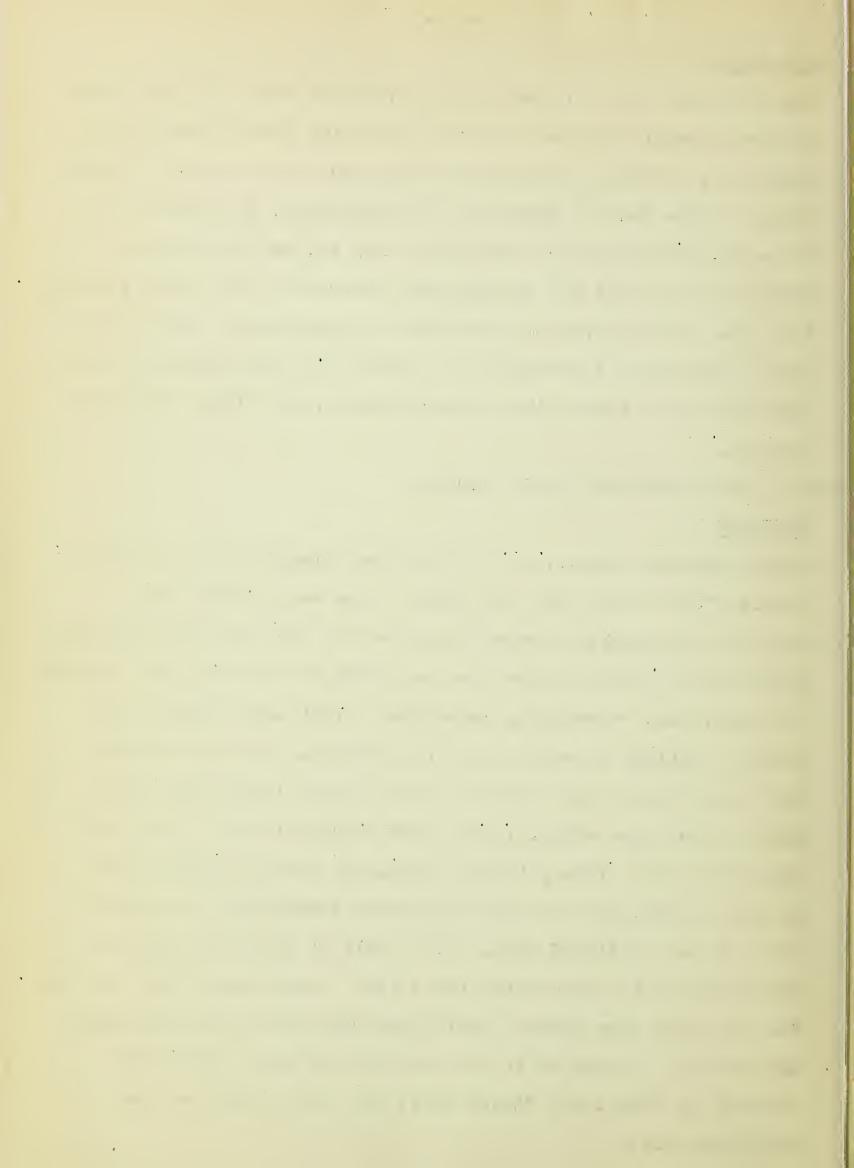
ANNOUNCER

The bluegrass state of Kentucky is more than that. It is a land of three sharply divided sections, differing just as sharply in geography, culture, economic activity, and social habits. These three are the Eastern Mountains, the Bluegrass, and Western Kentucky. But wherever a Kentuckian may be, he is more than willing to boast of the beauties and virtues of his native state. like the old hill preacher who told his congregation with great pride, "Heaven is a Kentucky of a place." In the bluegrass you'll find mention of names like Colonel Bradley, Man O'War, Churchill Downs...

ORGAN: MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, behind ...

NARRATOR

My old Kentucky home ... and in the outer bluegrass is Pendleton County, "the county that came back." You see, at one time a third of the population moved away because the land was beginning to decline. Gullies washed the land down to rib-rock, and instead of crops, came broomsedge, buck-brush. They used to call Falmouth "a village of mud roads, tin lanterns, and tallow dips." But people bucked up, and for a while things looked good when sweet clover came along...some folks thought it was a weed, and they moved out. Today, though, Pendleton county's agriculture is more sturdy, and on a more permanent foundation, through the likes of men as Alfred Hall. A. H. Hall is his name, and only a few years ago he was working for a fine farmer named Frank Conrad. For the first time-since I don't know when, Mr. Conrad got plumb mad at him. He came up to the barn one day when Alfred was milking the cows...and Missus Hall, her name's Bernice, was doing her part.



SOUND: Cows being milked ...

HALI.

Haw, there...hold still with you. Bernice, these cows are giving better than they ever did before.

BERNICE

That shows what good pasture'll do. Ever since Ponder spread that phosphate like you told him too, they almost won't eat anything but the phosphate pasture.

HALL

Ponder was a good worker. I sometimes feel right sorry that he left the farm, but, he's doing all right in Cincinnati.

BERNICE

He's a good boy, Alfred. That's why.

CONRAD (WITH SARCASM)

And when you're finished, may I have a few words with you?

SOUND: Milking decreases...

HALL

Hello, Frank, why don't you sound your horn?

BERNICE

Howdy do, Mr. Conrad.

CONRAD

Hello, Missus Hall.

BERNICE

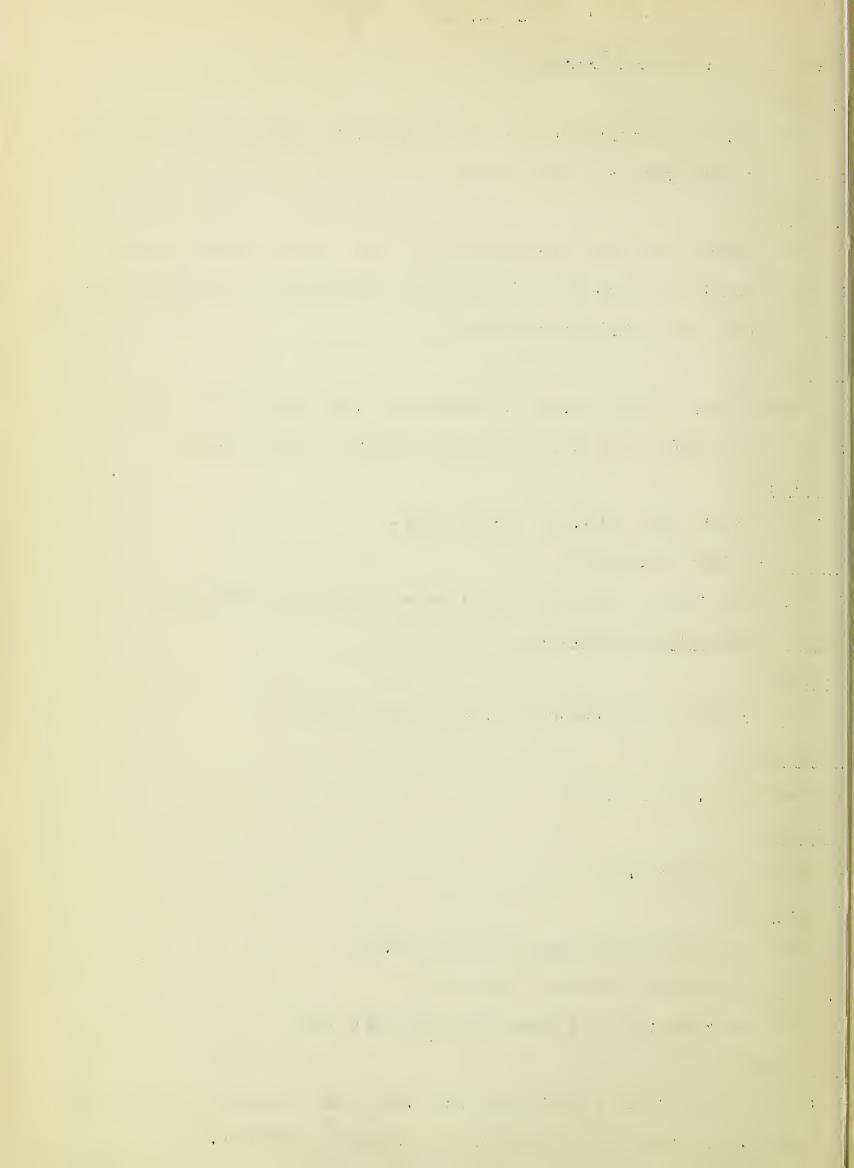
Old Lady MacDuff has given all she will:

CONRAD (CHANGING TONE AND LAUGHING)

Old Lady MacDuff! Is that what you call her?

BERNICE

We've got to have a name for them all. Our daughter Beulah named her that. She's been studying Shakespeare at Falmouth.



CONRAD

Lady MacDuff! A name for a cow! Well, that sure shows what education will do for you. I'd probably have called her old Red, or Lady, or something like that.

SOUND: Milking stops...

HALL

That's all for you. Bernice, take this in the house with you, will you?

BERNICE

Sure. If I can handle a buck-rake, I guess I can handle a couple pails of milk. Will you stay for supper, Mr. Conrad?

CONRAD

No, I just wanted to see your husband a minute.

BERNICE

Home cured sausage and string beans!

CONRAD

Sounds mighty tempting...but thanks just the same. Some other time.

BERNICE (fading off)

Anytime you're around, Mr. Conrad.

HALL

Now what was you wanting to see me about? Want a new tenant?

CONRAD

No, darn your hide! Just the opposite. I want you to stay here.

HALL

Oh...you got my letter. Why, I don't know if anything will come of it, but I just wanted to try.

CONRAD

I don't blame you for wanting your own farm, Alfred. If I could farm half as good as you can, I wouldn't mind. But my age is creeping up...

HALL

Your imagination!

CONRAD

No it isn't!

HALL

Well, it's simply this, as I wrote you in the letter. We've an outside chance to buy a farm of our own, and if I can get it, I'll do it. We've been a tenant on your place seven years, and liked it. If you'd ever farmed one of those Menifee County hills, you'd know what I mean. We worked hard over there, and we never did as much hard work as we did on this place....

CONRAD

Now, wait a minute. You mean, because this place is so run-down?

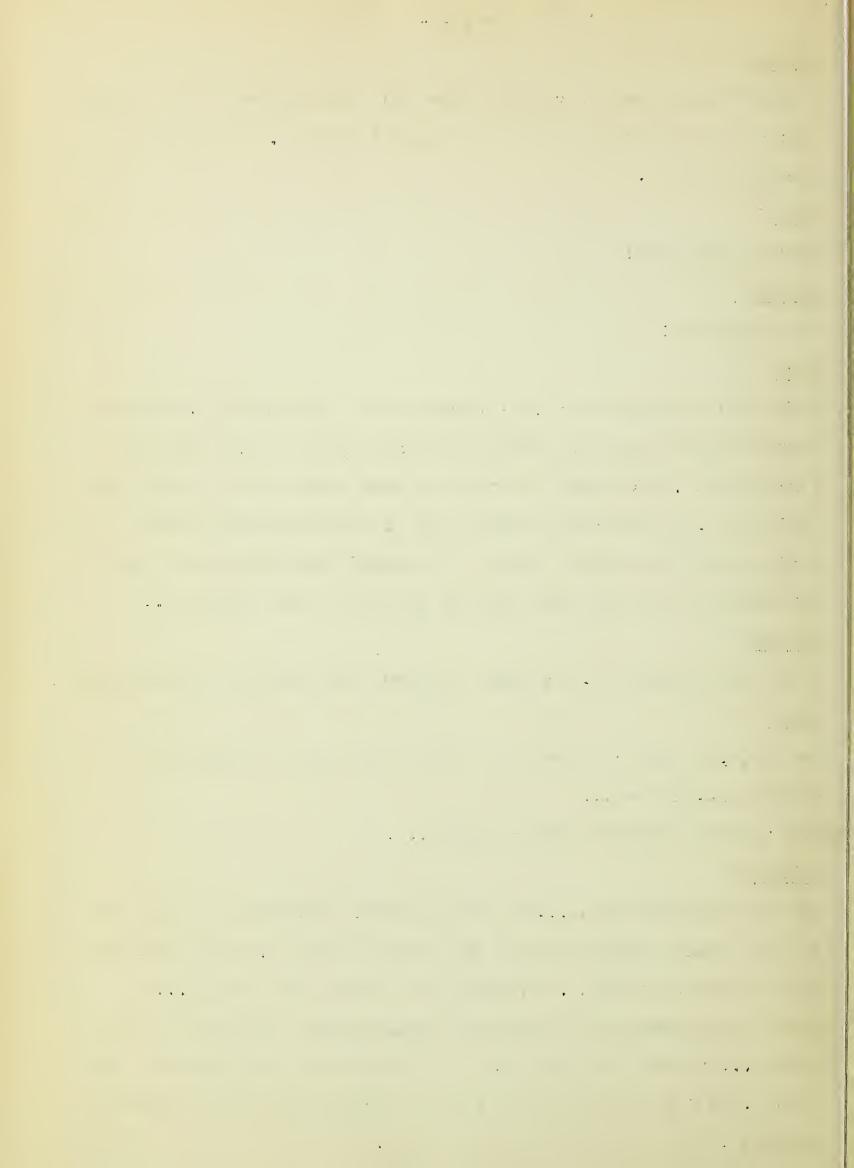
HALL

No sir, not nearly so much as other farms here in Pendleton County....you see....

ORGAN: MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, behind ...

NARRATOR

My old Kentucky home...and looking across Pendleton county, you can see smooth ridges rising one after another, but the valleys and hollows are deep. The slopes are steep and rocky...yes, rocky, mute evidence of wasteful agricultural practices in the past...mute need for some sort of system that will conserve the soil. This was the land the Indians called their happy hunting ground. This is what I call my home.



CONRAD (fading in)

I see what you mean. You want your own home.

HALL

That's it. I can't make a speech. A speech is just like that grub patch over there. I don't know whether I can make it or not.

CONRAD

Perhaps I can help. You've heard of the Farm Security Administration, from what I gather from your letter.

HALL

Yessir, I read about it in the farm paper. Then Frank Marquette came long one day, and when I told him about it, he said to me, "Don't put it off any longer." So that very day I went to Falmouth to see Mr. Broderick, the FSA man. Like I said, Mr. Conrad, I may not get the loan, but if I do, I want to leave, as nice as you've been to me and Bernice and the kids.

CONRAD

Alfred, you're a real farmer, and a real man. You can stay here as tenant as long as you want to. I always have left it up to you and your wife to run it as you pleased. But if you want that tenant-purchase loan, by thunder, I'll help you!

SOUND: Clap of thunder....

BERNICE

Alfred: It's here...the paper: We've got the loan -- the first in the whole state of Kentucky: Now...(SOFTLY) Now we will own our own farm...oh, Alfred...

SOUND: Door opens and closes...

HALL

Bernice! I've signed up with the soil conservation project!

And even now, the farmers are talking about forming a soil conservation district right here in Pendleton county.

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SOUND: School bell ringing...

LITTLE GIRL

Schools out, schools out! Now I can go home and tell mother and father that I, Bertha, has won again...

LITTLE BOY

That's have won ...

LITTLE GIRL

All right, Smarty....I, Bertha, HAVE won the 4-H contest again! SOUND: Teletype...

ANNOUNCER

And now...here is the winner of the fifth district of Kentucky in this famous farm improvement contest...two people who have made their farm and home life better during 1940....who saved their soil, who saved their food, who built up their land, who built up their homes, Mister and Missus Alfred Hall, of Pendleton County, Kentucky!

ORGAN: MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, behind...

NARRATOR

My old Kentucky Home...land where were born Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, land of the nature-lover John James Audubon and the nature-killer Daniel Boone...land where legendary "Uncle Tom" was sold, land of peace-loving Henry Clay and peace-loving organizer Daniel Beard, land of the Cumberland and the Tennessee, land of the Big Sandy and the Licking, land of the Hell-fer-Sartain-Creek....land of Alfred Hall, and Bernice Hall, who loved and saved -- the land.

ORGAN: UP AND OUT.

ANNOUNCER

That is the true story of Pendleton County, Kentucky, land of men who believe in conserving the soil. And for more details about that belief, we turn to the United States Department of Agriculture, and here is Ewing Jones.

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JONES

Thanks a lot, John Cornell. I don't know that there's much more to be said about Mr. A. H. Hall and his hard-working family, each of whom has done his and her bit. But I think you'll agree that any man who became such a prize tenant that his landlord almost got mad at him for leaving, a man who was the first (and they choose them mighty carefully) who was the first in the state to get an FSA tenant-purchase loan, a man who would not only take a hill farm but make it pay to such an extent that he won a contest in the congressional district -- well, he's a man, and a worker.

I'm sure that Tom Ford will agree with me...T. H. Ford should, because he's project manager of the soil conservation demonstration area near Falmouth, and he's the man who took me out to the Hall farm, away out on a winding ridge...and the wind was blowing plenty, as I recall.

FORD

Yes, it was, Ewing. I noticed that you stayed in the house until we were able to get Mr. Hall to stop grubbing the back pasture and come in and talk to us.

JONES

It was worth it. From what I've heard, the house originally was run-down, and I'd say that it's about as good as any in the neighborhood. The wind was blowing so hard that young Paul was fretting because he couldn't get out and ride the bicycle brother Ponder had bought him -- without a horn.

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FORD

You should have been there the first time I was, just after Mr. Hall signed a cooperative agreement with the Soil Conservation Service. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hall were in the fields -- but there was one of the daughters, about knee-high to a grasshopper, cooking the dinner. I don't know whether it was Dorothy or Mattie...anyhow, I hated to run away, because that Pendleton County food can be so good...and if you'd see the eleven hundred quarts of food that Mrs. Hall has canned, you'd understand why they won that contest.

JONES

I'm afraid that if I were to see it, I'd either be indicted for larceny, or my own little frau would be pestered for life with my saying, "why don't you can goods like Mrs. Hall does, why don't you can goods like Mrs. Hall does."

FORD

She'd probably come right back at you with something like, "why don't you farm like Mr. Hall does." You see, Ewing, he's been on his new farm only two years, yet he's already signed a co-operative agreement with the Soil Conservation Service. He's just been there two years, yet he, and his wife have built new buildings. They've improved the home. They're treating the pastures with lime and phosphate, and never a day goes by without Mr. Hall going out and spending some back-bending hours cutting and grubbing those roots and shrubs and worthless growth. Ewing, did you ever try to grub sprouts?

JONES

Well, now, come to think of it, I used to hoe a few dandelions in the front yard, and I always thought that....

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FORD

Never mind. Mr. Hall says, and we all agree, that you can't get grass growing on these hills, if you pasture that grass when it's young.

JONES

Or pasture it in winter or early spring when the ground is soft.

Now, Tom...what about your suggestions as a rounded farm program?

After all, the Soil Conservation Service has been down here for

five years. Just give the recommendations for the Pendleton

county area.

FORD

Don't forget that our observations also include part of Grant County, Kentucky. Don't forget that we're but one agency, Ewing -- there's also the Forest Service, the Kentucky Agricultural Extension Service, the Farm Security Administration, the Farm Credit Administration, and others. Remember that a farm isn't just a bunch of cows, a few pigs, a crop of corn and a tobacco seed bed, coupled with a buck-rake and a few sacks of fertilizer plus a few sacks of phosphate and some tons of limestone ... a farm is a composite. I could give you plenty of recommendations, but I think those recommendations, and those observations, belong in the hands of the newly-formed soil conservation district. You see, a soil conservation district belongs to the farmers, the new district in Pendleton County belongs to the farmers of Pendleton County, Kentucky -- and that's the way it should be, because they have organized to help themselves and to receive help from any agencies that can help them.

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JONES

And that's the way life in America should be. With so much of the world at war today we in America can well afford to say:
each for all and all for each. Let's make this country strong.

Let's make it strong by protecting the land. Let's save our soil.

And thanks, T. H. Ford, project manager of the Falmouth, Kentucky, demonstration area of the Soil Conservation Service...down in

My Old Kentucky Home....

ORGAN THELE: DEEP RIVER.

JONES (on cue)

This is Ewing Jones, speaking for the Soil Conservation Service of the United States Department of Agriculture. Don't mind us if, next week at this same time, we go muck raking...because that's just what we're going to do. Next Saturday, at this same time.

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